POSSIBLE CASE.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A MILLION DOLLARS.

A Good Illustration of the Old Adage That Wealth Does Not Always Bring With it Happiness.

(By Ingersoll Lockwood) [Copyright 1991. All rights reserved.]

Old New Yorkers may remember Dingee's famous club house in lower Greene street. From 1800 to 1850 it was the most fashion-able gambling house in the metropolis, its founder, Alphonse Dingee, having been the first to introduce roulette and rouge et noir nto the new world. It was in 1850 or a lit-le later that ill health obliged his son Cyrill is later that it means to the retired to his ountry sent at Bricksburg, quite a pulatial sidence for those days, where he died sidence for those days, where he died shortly after leaving a round million lars and one child, a daughter, Daisy. Spite of the fact that she was popularly known throughout the country as the "gambler's daughter," there were several respectable young men in the place who would have been only too happy to administer an estate worth a round million, with Daisy thrown

for better or worse. But Daisy Dingee knew what she wanted and it was nothing more nor less than an alliance with the most aristocratic family in the country, to-wit: the Delurys, whose large, white mansion at the other end of the town was as tumble down and shabby cotting as Daisy's was neat, fresh and well toot. Miss Dingoe, therefore, proceeded throw herself at the head of one Monuth Delury, mental and physically a oriess sort of an individual who for want a sufficient intellect to make an honest g passed his time going to seed with thousand or so acres of land belonging



THE HEARSE WAS JUST AHEAD OF THEM." him and his maiden sisters, Hetty Prudence and Martha, three women who wallord as stiff as they talked, although they never were known to discuss any sub-ject other than the Delury family.

When Daisy's proposition was made known to them they tried to faint, but were too stiff to fall over and were obliged to content themselves with gasping out "What, Daisy Dinger marry our brother, the head of the Debury family?" But it was the first idea that had ever

both was the first local and he clung to it with a parent's affection for his first born. In a few months Mr. and Mrs. Mon-mouth Delury set out for Paris with that proverbial speed with which Americans betake themselves to the French capital when oversion offers. They found it a when occasion offers. They found it a much pleasanter pince than Brickshurg. Debury improved rapidly and Daisy fell quite in love with him, made her will in his favor, contracted the typhoid fever and

Whereupon, the really disconsolate vidower-sent for his three sisters to join in. They had out one objection togoing, hat was to part company with the dear old accession, but they overcame it the day after receiving Monmouth's letter, which appened to be a Friday, and took the Sat-

To confess the truth, the Delury's had been so land-poor that their spare aris-tocratic figures were rather the result of than inclination. Six months of Paris life under the benign protection of Dingee's round million made different women of them. It was wonderful what a metamorphosis Parisian dressmakers and restauranteurs effected in their figures. They became round and plump The stopped talking about Bricksburg, signed themselves the Misses Delury of New York, enrolled themselves as patrons of act, gave elegant dinners, and in a very short time set up protentions to being the leaders of the American colony.

But remorseless fate was at their heels. Figure uncarthed the secret of old Dingee's million and the Delury's suddenly found themselves the sensation of Paris, the butt of radicule in the comic papers. Monmouth had been in poor health for several months and this killed him.

and this killed him.
Diagec 3 million was now, in the eyes of
the law, divided upamong his three sisters,
but fate willed it otherwise, for the following year Hetty, the eldest, died of Roma fever, and six months later, Prudence f a victim to rat poison in a small hotel Grasse, a city of delightful odors in a south of France whither she had gone in search of balmy air for her sister Martha was had suddenly developed symptoms of

thus alone in the world with old Diagnes's million and an incurable ailment Mothal sonly ambition was to reach Bricks burg and die in the old white Delucy man-sion. It seemed to her that its great spa-cious rooms would enable her to breath

more easily and to fight death off possibly another year. But it was not to be. She got as far as Paris when old Dinger's million again changed hands, going this time by will to Martha's only relatives, twin brothers, John and William Winkletip, produce dealers in Washington street New York.

The will was a peculiar one as was to be expected. "I give, devise and bequeath all the property popularly known as the 'Dinger Million' to my cousins, John and William Winkletip, preduce dealers of Yew.

am Winkletin, produce dealers of Nev York, as joint tenants for their lives and the life of each of them, with remainder over to the eldest son of the survivor, his heirs and assigns forever, provided that said remainder man shall be of full age at the time of his father's decease and shall thereupon enter the ministry of the Metho-dist Episcopal church and devote his life and the income of this estate to the encourarement of legislative enactment throughout the United States for the suppression

f gambling and wager laying."
In default of such male heir, the Dingee illon was to be divided up among certain ligious and eleemosynary institutions. When the cablegram from Paris informthem of their extraordinary luck hed the Winkletip brothers they were on in the cellar of the old tenement the served as their place of business th their long jean coats on, busily en-sed in sorting onions. As the Winkle-s were only a little past lifty and as no as hickory knots, their families wer satisfied to get only a life estate in Dingre million, for, barring accidents,

ars to live yet. True, brother John had a son, Cyrus, who would soon be of age, but he was a worth-less wight, whose normal condition was al-coholic stuper, barely characterized with sufficient lucidity to enable him to distin-

be brothers had twenty-five or thirty

glash rollen vegetables from sound. He will die years before his father, every one remarked and then the rambler's money will so where it ought to go.
There had been a fire next door to the Winkletips about the time the good news

had arrived from pars; a huge warehouse had burned down leaving a brick wall tow-ering sixty feet above the old wooden tenement in which the brothers did business. They had given notice to the authorities, but the inspectors had pronounced the wall perfectly safe. So the two brothers coninued to come and go, in their best Sunday ciothes, however, for they were only en-Suddenly, without the slightest warning the huge wall fell with a terrific cash upon the wooden tenement, crushing it like an

ogg shell. When the two brothers were

taken out from the ruins John was prononneed dead and a coroner's permit was given to remove him to a neighboring un-dertaker's establishment. William lived six hours conscious to the last, and grateful to an all-wise providence that his worth-less nephew would now be excluded from any control over the Dingee million.

John Winkletip was a grass widower, his wife, an Englishwoman, having abandoned him and returned to England, and for many years he had made his home with his only other child, a widowed daughter. Mrs. Timmins, who was openly opposed to many of her father's peculiar notions, as she termed them, one of which was his strong advocacy of cremation, he being one of the original stockholders, and at the time of his death a director of the Long Island cre-

nation society. Consequently Mrs. Timmins gave orders that immediately after the coronor's in-quest her father's body should be removed to her residence in Harlem, but as the officers of the Cremation society held the solemnly executed direction and authoriza-tion of their late friend and associate to in-cherate his remains they were advised by inerate his remains, they were advised by the counsel of their corporation that such an instrument would justify them in taking possession of the remains at the very earli est moment possible and removing it to the

rematory.

Warned by the undertakers of Mrs. Timthreatened interference, they re solved not to risk even the delay necessary to procure a burial casket; in fact it would be a useless expense, anyway, and conse quently John Winkletip began his last ride on earth lying in the cool depths of the un-

dertaker's ice box. As Mrs. Timmins' cab turned into Wash ington street she met a hearse but not until she had reached the undertaker's establish-ment was her suspicion transformed into pertainty by being told that her father's body was already on its way to the crema-

Mrs. Timmins was a long-headed woman She knew the uncertainties of cab trans portation through the crowded streets be low Canal, and dismissing her cab at the Chambers street station of the Third avenue elevated she was soon speeding on er way to the Long Island City ferry This she reached just as a boat was leav-ing the slip. Misfortune number one. When she finally reached the Long Island side, she threw herself into the carriage nearest

hand, crying out; To the crematory! Five dollars extra

f you get me there in time!" It was not many minutes before Mrs. "immins became aware of the fact that the horse was next to worthless and could scarcely be lashed into a respectable trot. Mrs. Timmins was nearly frantic. Every sinute her head was thrust out of the win dow to urge the hackman to greater speed. There was but one consoling thought—the hearse itself might get blocked or might have missed a boat!

As again and again her head was thrust out of the carriage window, her hair be-came disheveled, for she had removed her nat, and the supertitious Hibernian on the box was upon the point of abandoning his post at the sight of the wild and crazed ook presented by Mrs. Timmins. Was she tot someone's ghost making this wild and mysterious ride

But the promise of a extra \$5 kept the man on the box. Suddenly a cry of joy escaped Mrs. Timmin's lips. The hearse was just ahead of them; but its driver had the better horses, and half suspecting that something was wrong, he whipped up vigorously and dis-appeared in a cloud of dust. Mrs. Tim-mins' horse, now as wet as if he had been dipped into the river, and she expected every minute to see him give out, but strange to say, he had warmed up to his work and now in response to the driver's urging, broke into a run;

Again Mrs. Timmins caught a glimpse of the black coach of death in the dust clouds ahead of her. The race became every in-stant more exciting. It was a strange sight, and instinctively the farmers in their cturning vegetable wagons drew aside to let them pass. Once more the hearse disappeared in the dust clouds. This was the last Mrs. Timmins saw of it until she drew up in front of the crematorium. There it stood with its black doors thrown wide open. She had come too late! Her father's body had already been thrust into the

flery furnace.
The antagonism of Winkletip's family to his views concerning the cremation of the dead was an open secret with every at-tache of the society, and the men in charge were determined that the society should come out the winner. They were on the lookout for the body. Everything to the minutest detail was in readiness. The furnace had been pushed to its greatest de-stroying power, and hence was it that haste



overcame dignity when the foam-fiecked and panting horses of the undertaker drew up in front of the entrance to the crems

The ice chest was snatched from the hearse, borne hurriedly into the furnace room, set upon the iron platform, wheeled into the very center of the white fiames whose waving, curling, twisting tongue seemed reaching out to their fullest length impatient for their prey, and the iron door slammed shut with a loud resounding

the furnace room..
"Hold! Hold!" she shrieked, and then her hands flew to her face and staggering back ward and striking heavily against the wall, she samk limp and lifeless in a heap on the

stone floor of the furnace room. But the two men in charge had neithe yes nor ears for Mrs. Timmons. As the cors closed they sprang to their posts of servation in front of the two peepholes and stood watching the effect of the flame

lts wooden covering parted here and there with a loud crack, laying bare the metal case, from the seams of which burst fitful puffs of steam. Then came a sight so strange and curious that the two men held their breath as they gazed upon it! By the vaporizing of the water from the melted for the flames were pushed back from the chest

and it lay there for an instant as if pro-tected by some miraculous aura. Then happened something which caused the men to reel and stagger as if their limb were paralized by drink, and which painter their faces with as deep paller as death's

their faces with as deep paller as death's own hand could have laid upon them. From the furnace depths came forth a dull, muffled cry of "Help! Help!" Making a desperate effort, the men tore open first the outer and then the inner of the fire chamber. As the air rushed in the lid of the metal bhest burst silently open. Again the cry of "help!" rang ou and two hands quivered for an instant above the edge of the chest, then with a loud and defiant roar the flames closed in upon it, and began to lick it up rayerously. The doors began to lick it up raverously. The doors were banged shut, and John Winkletip had

But the Dingee million seemed to draw

But the Dingee minon seemed to draw back instinctively from the touch of the worthless Cy Winkletip.

With loud cries of joy the various bene-ficiaries under Martha Delury's will now discovered that Cyrus Winkletip was born on the 11th day of August, and that as his father had departed this life on the 10th day of August, the son was not of full age when his father died. But the law put an end to this short-lived joy by making known one of its curious bits of logic which so often

It was this: The law takes no note of parts of a day, and therefore as Cyrus Winkletip was of age on the first minute of his twenty-first birthday, he was also of age on the last minute of the day before, consequently on the first minute of the day before, consequently on the first minute of the day before he was twenty-one.

This gave the Dingee million to Cy Wink-

Under constant and stringent surveillance and tutelage Cy Winkletip was, after sev-eral years of as close application as was deemed safe in view of his weak mental condition, admitted to the ministry cordance with the provisions of Mrs. De At last the wicked Dingee million seemed

safely launched upon its task of undoing the wrong it had done; but Cy Winkletip's mind ran completely down in five years and he died a wretched, slavering idiot. Mrs. Timmins was inclined to warn off

the Dingee million with a gesture of horror; but yielding to the solicitation of her friends, she consented to take title in order that she might create a trust with it for some good and noble purpose. To this end by a last will and testament she created and endowed the American society for the suppression of gambling and wager-laying, and then died.

The trustees at once began to erect the buildings called for, but before the society had had an opportunity to suppress a single gaming establishment the lawyers, at the prayer of Mrs. John Winkletip, Mrs. Timmins' mother, fell tooth and nail upon the trust, which was declared too "vague, shadowy and indefinite to be executed," and the Dingee million, its roundness now sadly shrunken, made its way across the ocean to Mrs. John Winkletip of Clapham

Common, London.

She died last year and with her the wanderings of the Dingee million came to an She willed it to trustees for building and maintaining a hospital for stray dogs and homeless cats, and those learned in the law say that the trust will stand

GET A WIFE.

Marriage Agencies and How They Do Business.

PEOPLE WHO PATRONIZE THEM.

Specimens of the Advertisements and Correspondence-Match-Making Machinery a Complete Success.

The Cheapest Method.

[Copyrighted 1891 by Silver Sand.] Since that day in May some six thousand or more years ago, when the Lord found out that it was not good for man to be alone and made a match for Adam, mankind and perhaps more especially that part of it known as womankind, seems to have taken delight in following the example of God in this one thing if no other. Consequently from that day until this, all people, from those in the most abject slavery to the rulers of the earth, from those who are poorer than was ever Job's turkey to those who are as rich as Crœsus, people of every rank and station in life, have been engaged

in the business of making matches. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss this subject from a theological standpoint and determine whether or not mankind in general would have been much better off in case the first match had never been made, as many bacheiors seem to believ nor yet to enter into a sociological investi gation as to why matches are made in this manner, but simply to give a brief descrip-tion of the improved machinery used in this important branch of our infant industries. Trusting that it will be of interest at least to the young men and young ladies of our country who are yet unmarried, and are desirous of keeping up with the times by using the latest appliances in all their engagements.

There are in the United States at least a dozen agencies doing a profitable business in this peculiar kind of match making. Nearly all of them publish a paper devoted largely to the personal advertisements of young men and young ladies wishing to make the acquaintance of some one of the opposite sex with a view to matrimony. These advertisements are paid for at the rate of from 1 to 5 cents a word. The MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES. rate of from 1 to 5 cents a word. The name of the advertiser is not published and all persons desiring to forward a letter to him or her, as the case may be, are com-pelled to pay the publisher the sum of 10 cents for forwarding their letter to the person whose acquaintance is desired. Besides these sources of revenue the pubfor his paper, so that in this case the laborer is not only "worthy of his hire." but gets it. The more enterprising also in-crease their bank account by having a private list of "ladies means," to a few of whom they will introduce any mean man who means to increase his means n this way, provided he is willing to pay to for the introduction, that is, for the privilege of mailing them a letter; or, they ill send a description of yourself number of ladies of means who wish to marry for the same price, paid of course in advance, stating that if the ladies like your description they will then write you direct. So it is evident that these men succeed in living on love, or on the hope of love, whether it is in the power of ordinary mortals to do so or not.

Each issue of any one of the various pub feations contains from 100 to 500 advertise ments. They come from people ranging in age from sixteen to sixty, those in their teens are plentiful but are far out num-bered by those who are between twenty-six and twanty-seven, while in almost every paper you can find an advertisement of som who is within two or three years of any age that can be mentioned between twenty seven and fifty. And yes, there are a con siderable number of widows and widowers but more of the former than of the latter however, the maidens and the bachelor take the lead. There are college gradu-ates and persons who cannot write their own name; professional men and laborers; ladies who think themselves beautiful, pretty, or handsome and I saw the advertisement of one lady who actually admitted that her face was rather inclined to be homely. Persons worth snug fortunes, persons of comfortable circumstances, and persons who are "not worth a red cent are all here. Persons who choose this wa forming acquaintances because the think it romantic; but more who choose it because they are bashful and could not take or hold their place in fash-ionable society without fear of embarrassments which have more terrors for them than has the smallpox. Bachel ors who have not yet found their ideal and never will. Ladies who have never had a proposal and think that in case they do not succeed in this way their chances will be just as good when leap year comes as if they had not tried it. Saints and sinners, the latter in the minority; wise men and fools, the latter in the majority. In fact, all classes advertise, and they are all "very affectionate." As a man I am sorry to be compelled to admit that the men in most cases seem to be somewhat mercenary, however, this should perhaps be attributed to their early education, since this is a commercial age, rather than to any person fault of the me

The poetry found in the ads may ne equal that of Tennyson, indeed may not be any better than the ordinary spring poetry but I do not believe that Bill Nye nimsel could write ads any more original or mer humorous than are some of these, and in case he thinks he can he is hereby chal lenged to try his hand at it any time this month. Since this is an age of samples, we will now show you a few, and will simply state that the stock is so large that it order to give you any idea whatever of it it is necessary to carry a much heavier sample was the stock in the contract of the sample of the sam necessary to carry a much neavier sample case than the ordinary commercial man. In any cases where names and addresses are given they are correct, and ladies who may feel disposed to write the advertisers need

have uo besitancy in doing so. Teacher, good Christian, with respond with a view to matrimony. Age, twenty-four years; dark hair and blue eyes. Address J. S. Phillins, Jefries, Pn. Am as busy as a bee, frolicsome as a tica. posome as a bach, can be-lack but one

flower to finish my wreath. My name is not Shakespeare, but write to U. Lancaster, Addison, Kan. TENN.—Beautiful curls of golden hair, Eyes of dreamy blue, Dumped cheeks, complexion fair,

Gentlemen, let me hear from you. Am a widow of twenty-three, and have ittle girl; also a good home.

New York.—Am a widow with one child. a boy fourteen years old. Am forty-nine Gentleman correspond wanted who would marry if suited.

ILLINOIS.—Take notice! Am a farmer, good looking, age twenty-six, with great expectations and still single. Am six feet tall, weigh 175 pounds. Black hair and mustache; have no bad habits. Ladles sightened the strength of the strength of

eighteen to twenty-five write.

I am not possessed of silver nor gold, but
I have that which neither silver nor gold
can buy—true and ever faithful love for the woman who can give me the silver and gold I am twenty-seven and in good standing. Grant C. Smith, Crete, Neb.

Ohio. Who'll write to poor little Kittle." No one to love, don't you think it a pity? A plump little girl, short curly hair, Large blue eyes, and complexion fair.

Am very lonesome, want a beau; Won't you write the rest to know? MICHIGAN—Wanted, a worthy gentleman with means enough to furnish a home. Am an intelligent widow of forty-nine, good looking, five feet two inches. Small feet,

brown hair and blue eyes.

New York—A refined, educated lady, tired of the close confinement of the city necessary to earn a living, desires the ac quaintance of a man having enough of this

quantance of a man having enough of this world's goods to support a wife. Massachuserts— Western Gentleman— As the young ladies here far exceed the men, some of us must look elsewhere for husbands. I look toward the West and hope it will not be in vain Am twenty three, tall, fair, weigh 127, have good farm and splendid education. Prompt replies. ALABAMA-Warm blooded Southerner de-

sires correspondent with Western or North-ern girl with means, good social standing and affectionate. I own vast and valuable property; engaged in drug business

I wonder who my mate will be As through the world I roam? If some one sees this who thinks she'll suit, Please write, you'll find me home.

Age twenty-five, height five feet five inches. Box 772 Lincoln, Neb.

MONTANA—Girls of handsome face and figure. A six-footer of twenty with dark hair and eyes, wishes to correspond with girls from sixteen to twenty. More fun than two cats serenading on a backyard

Con. I wish to marry within 30 days, prefer a country girl, good housekeeper, 16 to 35. I am 38, hight 4 ft. 4½ inches. Have no bad habits.

CONN .- With coffee, tea and cream A little money in the bank, Put by for a "Rainy day," An elderly widow's waiting Till her ideal comes this way. He's a farmer over fifty.

Temperate, honest, healthy and kind,
Should be come and help me fairly,
Home and happiness he'll find.

TEXAS-Young widow, intelligent, genteel, average good looks, wants to marry again if she can find a kind, loving man, with some means. She is six feet seven inches and belongs to a high respected family; has a house, \$5000 in bank, and can offer any inducements. PREACHER—Five feet nine inches high,

weight 170, blond, educated, Methodist Episcopal, wants a Christian wife, tall brunette who can dance preferred. Ad-dress Rev. J. M. Lawson, Navasota, Tex. Not Located—Handsome woman under twenty-five, holds three diplomas (Vassar, Boston conservatory and state normal) will graduate June, 1891, for fourth time, will come into \$100,000 at twenty-five or marriage

(either), would correspond with gentleman of Episcopal faith. Poor man not objected to. Enclose stamp for reply. NEB.—Young man wants to meet and marry a lady with means to assist him in his medical education. Am twenty-six,

Tex .- Young lady of good family wishe an intelligent man about twenty-two. She is a "school ma'am," eighteen years old, light hair, blue eyes, lively, prompt replies.

MAINE.—Well educated farmer, age thirty-five, six feet tall, weight 175, does not use liquor or tobacco, nor dabble in religion or politics—seeks a good sized, well formed, lady of substantial build. Cash not essential. .

Towa—A blonde, aged twenty-one, mem-ber of M. E. church, wishes to correspond with a true Christian man. Minister of the gospel preferred. Photos exchanged remain single! Refined German eir to property, age thirty-eight, height sixty-six inches, weight f50, perfect health, lover of nature, writer of school books, wishes to marry. Address Dr. Wesley Duff, Chicago, Ill.

Опто-Speedy marriage here for a lady if she has means or property. My age is thirty-four, bachelor carpenter. Object, union now and forever ILL.-Shall I describe the man of my

choice?

Hearken now and hear my voice,

And be assured it's he or none,

I would love and love alone,

What color his eyes, what shade his hair?

Now, on reflection, I don't care.

I wish a man not too old, A man who is neither weak or vain Who would soothe another's pain, Dowered with wealth-of thought and speech And yet not quite beyond my reach. If such a man with wise discretion

Gives prompt reply and true description; I'll introduce myself in my first letter, Then methinks he'll know me better. Neat bachelor, aged twenty-nine, of gen teel appearance and good looks wishes to marry some young lady or widow, pos-sessing in her own right and name pro-perty, means or business that she feels remires the love and assistance of a good husband to protect and attend to fo No others need apply. Address box 24, Rochester, N. Y.

Kax.—I am a clerk in a railroad income amounts to \$200 per Am a backelor twenty-nine, never was sick in bed, am a lawyer, but do not practice; a graduate of the St. Louis high school. I am not a "dude," but wear the finest clothes on all occasions; my relative are among the highest officers of the state I neither use liquor, chew tobacco nor gamble, but smoke the very best cigars at

ill times. Ladies write if suited. Kr.—Wanted—a wife! Am forty-four, a widower. no children; I desire a lady of loving disposition; must have about \$10,000 in her own right. I would not marry the best woman on earth unless she had money. The two requisites money and compati-bility—must be combined. Am not looking for "Love in a cottage," but seek a lady whom I can love and respect. A widow with one or two well behaved children will answer. I have brown hair and blue eyes and a sandy mustache.

And now desire to worship At some fair lady's shrine I never, never use; But for want of a companion often get the blues e fair maid or widow win some that mand of whole Not over forty-nine. Please send the precious message, The whisper—"I'll be thine?" To such I would prove constant, Living, true and kind; Bht never could I wed with one Uncouth and unrefined. Address L., box 88, Reardon, Wash.

Alus, my youth is gone. I am in manhood's prim

Address L. box 88. Reardon, Wash.

A bachelor worth \$5000 wishes to marry a
Christian lady between thirty and forty.
Caleb Moxley, Pine Valley, Ore.

PENNA.—Where is the man near fortyfive who is intelligent, honorable, true,
attends to public worship, does not drink,
and is dilligent in business, serving the Lord. I wish to make his acquaintance, New York City-Want a darling wife to

New York City—Want a darling wife to welcome me after business hours. Am thirty-nine. Prefer a young widow without children, and with money so that I could start a banking business.

ILL.—Would like to hear from gentlemen twenty-five to thirty-four. I am nine teen and own a nice home. Only those wishing to marry need respond.

NORTH DAKOTA—I have a good farm and comforts—but no wife! Age is forty-one, character good. Suitable lady please write with a view of filling the vacancy.

Exclusion and the start of the start of

one, good looking, shoemaker's apprentice. Well educated, fair French scholar. Belong to the church of England, ex-pupil teacher. Will some lady of independent means accept me! I desire to give up the shoemaking business as I have no talent for it. If religiously inclined very well but

it. If religiously inclined, very well, but not necessary; seet immaterial. Please write at once, as this may be a chance of a lifetime. Address Walter E. Crisp, Cob-den street. Long Eaton, Nottingham, Eng-

And there are other styles too numerous to mention. Might as well try to represent with a few samples the eccentricity o every human being as to try to give you an idea in this article of all the different kinds of people who want to marry, so we will close by simply giving you a copy of a letter that was sent in answer to a couple of adand the replies received to it. Of course in this the real names of the correspond ents are not given as we would not betray confidence

THE LETTER.

SCRANTON, PA., 4-19-91. Not knowing your name I am compelled to begin with a blank, which you must

oblige me by filling with your name I saw your advertisement in the Wife Seekers' Friend and being well pleased with it, I write you. I am old enough to marry and desire to do so. I have been traveling much of my time since I was sixteen and here were traveling to the same than and here were the same have been traveling much of my time since I was sixteen and here were hard to be such as the same have been traveling to the same between the same traveling the same teen and have never been much in society The real nice girls with whom I am acquainted are all either married or engaged and I prefer a shorter road to the love of noble woman than the one usually taked, which requires several months if not years.
We are having beautiful spring weather

-it makes one feel like loving. All nature seems to be in love; the birds sing it and the little crickets chirp it, and all insect life is making merry over it. The south winds breathe love and the sunshine comes with a gentle warmth that would melt a heart of stone, while the trees unfolding their green leaves and opening soms seem to be but putting on their wedding dresses

Love is the law of nature, and why should we resist the gentle influence? Let us love, and love in the springtime of our lives as well as the springtime of the year. Shall

If you want to know anything about me note the following: I am a young man of ordinary size and ability. At present I am engaged in a profitable business. Am American. In religion inclined to be liberal like the now famous Dr. Briggs. In disposition kind and affectionate. Have good health and a fair education. I would like to exchange photos with you. Write to me soon. I am yours your respontfully. soon. I am, yours very respectfully SILVER SAND.

REPLIES RECEIVED. In these replies the spelling, punctuation, etc., will be found the same as in the original. BOSTON, MASS., May 1, 1891. Mr. Silver Sand.

Dear Friend, your letter and Photo a hand and must say I was very much pleased in regard of both. And I now take the op-portunity to ans the same and I will now nclose you won of mine, you will find the hoto somewhat stouter than the original. Well kind Friend I really do not know if my discription will suit you or not but I will give you my true Discription and then

you can judge for your self My age is twenty-three years Height five feet Weight 1.15 pounds

Dark Brown Hair blue eyes
And have quite a nice property in the town in which i live. But i only have a Publich School Education but am under the through this world. I suppose you will have quite a series time to Read my poor Writing but I sincerely hope you will be able to make some out.

Now your discription suits me very much indeed and would be pleased to hear from you soon. Yours truly, JENNIE CLARKSON,

DIVIDING CREEK, N. Y., May 5, 1861.

FRIEND MR. SUPPLES ant and interesting letter came to my keep-ing the 24th and was glad to hear from you and would be pleased to exchange photoes with you, but have none at present of my one and so will have to wait awhile. The wether is very nice out hear and the ground is so dry the dust will fly in some places and the grass is green and nice and every-

thing looks nice around hear. There is a good deal of sickness around hear. ng to a singing school Friday night and expect to learn to sing and don't

you forget it I will.

I have not made my choice yet and I advertized because I was old enough to marry and want to get married and the boys home I am acquainted with use bad language and drink liquor and use tobacco, there is only one boy in our neighborhood that I think anything about but he is to young for me he is one of our nighest neighbors and he is very nice and I prefer a short road to the love of some good man than the one usually taken which requires usually several months if not years and we have some peach trees and the prospect is now that we will have lots of peaches and the trees look loving when they are in blossom and I say we should not resist these gentle influences? and I know it is the law of nature to love in the spring of the year and the spring time of our lives and please give a more discrip tion of yourself when you write next time and I have good health and do you know the stamp flirtation if you don't I can send you

a copy of them.

Please exbuse bad writing and mistakes this time I will close. When days are dark and friends Are few thinks of a friend

That thing of you.

Yours very respectfully, CLEO M. MARTIN.

After having shown you this much it will hardly be necessary for me to state that this improved match making machinery is a complete success. One agency boasts that it made thirty-eight matches during the month of April of this year, and you all know that with the old fashioned machinery it often required six months of the most careful manipulation to make a single match, and during all this time the manufacturer's life was in danger, whereas now the matches are made with perfect safety Of course this will tend to cheapen matches. and we are bound to accept it as another added to the long list of evidences that the

Nineteenth century is one of progres

Simple Tester for Linemen. The modification of a well known periment has been turned to good account in being made a handy tester for linemen. A small square of india rubber has a plate of brass fastened on each side. A strip of zinc and a twenty-five cent piece can be slipped under between the brass and the rubber, while from the plates two leading wires are taken. Tests of continuity can then be taken by connecting the wires to the circuit and touching the two pieces of metal with the tongue.-New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE GAZETTE MACHINE.

How the People Can Save \$25 on a First Class Sewing Machin

and whe to other machines, can be to other machines, can be to other machines, can be part of wisdom and economy to save the useless expenditure. Ladies who wish to buy a first-class high-arm No. 4 sewing machine can see such a machine at THE GAZETTE business office, and they can buy such a machine for only \$21 if they subscribe to the weekly, daily or Sunday GAZETTE. THE GAZETTE invites the ladies to call.

A GARDEN SPOT

Where Nature Lavished Its Infinite Bounties.

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

The Wanderings of Wakeman Limned With a Gifted Pen-A Vivid Description of the Birthplaces of Historic Men and Writers.

NATURE'S BEAUTIES.

Special Correspondence of the Gazette. Ambleside, Eng., May 4.—A German writer has truly said. "There can be no guide to a lover of nature but that love itself." No pen painter who has ever lived or will ever live, has limned or can ever depict in a page or a book the beau-ties of the English lake region. There never has been printed an adequate guide; and even were the best one that could be made provided, the traveler who comes here to see with eyes and heart would sufhere to see with eyes and heart would suf-fer greater from its insufficiency than find delight in its expositions. This is true because in the first place no one with pen or brush can produce on a single page or canvas a single picture comprising mani-fold expression. It would be a human imfold expression. It would be a human im-possibility to comprehend in any series of descriptions or paintings the myriad distinet and glowing scenes which the region furnishes. And, even could this be done, then there would still be lacking all those glorious promptings to emotional enjoyment from associative interest, which the beolder of the actual scene can never have interpreted to him by another.

In many years almost continuous travel in Europe I have never come upon any other place which so satisfied in endless variety of change and mood every faculty of vision and mind, every pure activity of thought and memory, every tender capability of heart and soul. In the nearly six thousand square miles of the region there is not a square foot from which cannot be contempated more than one subline or a quicklet. plated more than one sublime or exquisitely beautiful aspect of nature. Your eye can nowhere sweep the horizon line without discovering some relic of the prehistoric or medieval past, rife with countless wraith-ful suggestions and conjectures. Every lowly home within the region tells of a peasantry unique, interesting, contented and hospitable. Its towns and handets have a picturesqueness all their own, yet are so harmonious with their mountain scenery surroundings as to seem growing out of the very rocks upon which they stand. And in all things or persons one sees or meets there is an endless and gentle reminder of the high souled men and remnace of the light solded men and women who were drawn here to become, through the psalms of their lives and pens, the exalted genii of this wonderland of sublimity, beauty and peace. Everywhere is seenic glory here. But the wild, sweet undertones that tremble in every leaf and blade of grass, that sound in worst turbiling waterful. that sound in every tumbling waterfall, that are borne in every passing breeze, form the inexpressible witchery which thrills the being where these

LOVING GENII DWELL.

Take simply the few miles, perhaps nine, from Bowness north through Windermere, Ambleside and Rydal to Grasmero, to illus-trate the superhuman task you would have in attempting to convey to another what one sees, recalls and feels, throughout the entire lake region. You could make a great volume full of glorious paintings, winsome descriptions, exquisite incidents, memories almost as comprehensive as the wide domain of English literature, and sweet with tender whilescophicians, and then but have tender philosophizings, and then but have barely hinted at the majestic book of nature and reminiscence which lies open for the enjoyment of all who come. The village of Bowness is one of the quaintest and sweet-est old nests in England. It is a dreamful maze of inextricable streets, whose houses are almost wholly covered with roses and ivy. The east window of its square-towered little church is one of the towered little church is one of the oldest in England having been taken from that once most magnificent of all of England's ancient monastic edifices. Furnes Abbey. The place is hidden beneath gi-gantic trees on the eastern shore of the queen of the English lakes, Windermere. Climb Brant fell behind it. The lake, immediately beneath to the west, stretching from the lower Furness fells, in Lancashire, to Ambleside in Westmoreland forms a liquid valley of blue, set with num berless emerald islets, its mountain shores merging into purple depths at the far north where grim Helvellyn lifts its curved cre-

beyond the Helm crag. the sublime isolation of mighty THE OCEAN BLUE of Morecambe bay glints beyond the pucc sands of Lancaster to the south. Es-thwaite and Coniston water glimmer among the western fells, and Hard Knot and Cor iston Old Man form mighty sentinels in the background in the direction of the Irish sea. It is a sublime spectacle, But along with it is the ever welcome element of soft and tender beauty. The lower masses of larch nearest the water's edge are like gigantic pillows of emerald. These merge in graceful lines into the more somber fir, which, bank on bank and wave on wave above roll upwards in noble undulations, often to the very crests of lofty mountains; while half-seen cot-tages peeping from mountain sides, gray old chapels nestling in patches of sunlight, splendid halls and manor houses perched upon lower promontories, and countless pleasure craft specking the fair waters of Windermere add to the exultation of an exalting solitude that happy consciousness of certain, if isolate, nearness to man. But whose pen can adequately tell the calm which pervades these wondrous scenes! It silence can take on personification of vast-ness and majesty, you will be conscious of all that here. It has such intensity that one feels a sense of existing in some upper world from whose face and firmament sound has been banished. And it is so impressive and palpable that at tim bjects seem but the imagery of reality; all moving things as the unreal mimicry

of dreams; all persons but the shades of

Feast as you may at nature's lavish board

the undertones are ever heard. Over yon-der by Coniston Water, gray and scowling John Ruskin, a prisoner in his own home,

lovely Brantwood, presses his pale face against the window panes and stares with strangely-lighted eyes at the wonderous

world without, but knows it not, for mad

phantasms possess his darkened mind. You can see an 100 dales and glens which Wordsworth loved and haunted. Near Brantwood is Tent Lodge, where Lord Tennyson once lived, dreamed and wrote. Near gentle Gerald Massey wood those pensive spirits with whom he so wholly ived, and in whose actual though impalpable presence he so undeniably believed, hen a sturdler lot appear. Just below Bowness to the left. Storrs Hall is seen. It was here that in 1825 such giants as the statesman Cumping the philosopher novel. statesman Canning, the philosopher, novel statesman Canning, the philosopher, novelist and poet, "Christopher North" (Prof. Wilson.) the laureate of England and bard of the lakes, Wordsworth, and Scotland's greatest romancer, Sir Walter Scott, met and held high mental carnival, while disporting like a bevy of school-boys, and terminated the illustrious occasion here beilliant woman or Windswessen here beilliant woman or Windswessen sion by a brilliant regatta on Windermere in charge of Wilson as "Admiral of the Lakes," It would have been worth a year of ordinary namby-pamby life to have sat silent among them and listened during

RARE AND RADIANT DAYS. Windermer, but a continuation of Bowness, is modern. The London and Northestern railway penetrates to this point. In the place of Bowness, which is now left in dreamful quiet, it has become the southern railway the penetration of the penetration of the penetration. ern metropolis of the region; just as Kes-wick, to which you can come by rail from the northeast, is the northern metropolis. The situation of Windermere is entrancing It is stately in splendid inns and surround-ing country seats, similar to the grand mansions along the Hudson. The place with its modern suggestions and countle arriving and departing coach loads of to ists, sinks out of sight beneath the arriving trees, when, you have climed to the summit of Orrest Head, where the

prospect is still grander than Brant Fell, behind Bowness of meaver the head of the value of W where the encroaching mountain highest, and the noble lake itself of broadest expanses.

But near as this is to the an and coach-horn, the undertail here. From Orrest Head, the every poet or prose wri leswick, are again v with its glorious foregroun-

seen in its entire length

Lake mountains rise be The valley of Ambleside ned gien of purple to the nor at its edges, changing to the higher ranges, the cra sun-kissed splendor mountain tops and misty Ullswater in the not ridges, toward the Yor purple furrow shows Besides, here are the w Elleray, No Cumbrian bigger frame, a greater ay. The place is now disc, with "several there in the luster of roof with its own a in the morning pleasaune sycamore, of which Prof. self said. "not even in a Druids, could there have be

tree." still shelters Eller:

cient, in that it was or Roman station, than any the Lake region. Like He place is hidden in mo bloom. Numberless tir tumble through it, and of the quaintest and II ients' walk one comes its visionary majest Wordsworth same. entrancing excursious name to the wh was Harriet Martine She h called passed when they resulted in a life. No woman eye humanity at large. H-Knoll" is not a stone way, but is so embedded invisible from it. Just a a massive gateway orings you to a sunny flowers; and then fac ines of the house caves. The gray old We can only here and there bay windows are half imbing roses and pas the huge chimneys houses of Elizabeth agers say the light of Au when they bore Harriet Ma its grave in the old cemeters at Barn But it seems to me her good and ace must still be shining th blossoms from
THOSE GREAT BAY WINDOW

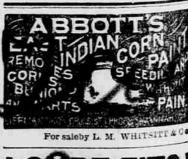
Just before you reach Am

could turn aside a few step way and see in Dove Nest. of Mrs. Hemans, Immedia The Knoll, where lived Ma though hidden by the maje ine the banks of the Rothar other fine old mansion. For highway, not a mile from The Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's homin the preceeding article. A litt almost at the edge of Rydal. Waof the herons, standing close highway beneath the shadows s Nab Cottage, where Hartley iwelt. Then Grasmere Lake, st Fairfield, weird Dumusil Raisnighty Pikes of Langdale is spr Wordsworth and DeQuince: ombs of Wordsworth idge, in graveyard of Grasmo It is in this church, dedicate Oswald, so old that British cannot fix its origin, that the cur ancient custom of "Rushbear's been continued from the mists of to the present time. Traces of ramay be met in some of the other localities. It has been revived at at side. But this is the one sacred all Europe where the custom has tinuous from time immemoria ancient times rushbearing seen formed a portion of the feast tion, and the processional bearing for the renewal of floors, who they often wholly supplied, was with much pomp and ceremony.

the remote early English churches had THAN THE BARE FARTS with now and then a line of rude if the aisles; and this church of Si was provided with a complete flor late as 1840. Up to that the rushes which grew upon the cially known as "sieves," were goth and brought to the church from Lans in carts. Tall poles, often boughs, were provided for th These, curiously decorated harps, wreaths and frequent flower serpents twining are carried about the village, offfour maidens with a flower bo filled with the sacred rushes rushes were all strewn in the

ally on Saturday are son," the fiddler of Grestruck up a "Rushbearing of unknown antiquity of unknown antiquity of unknown forming at the ti a procession forming at the After this had threaded all th wynds of Grasmere, it return church, where the wardens cient usage,, presented car bearers with two-pence wor gerbread, paid for out collections. The rushbear now occurs on Saturday in the in August. The procession, forward to the strains of "Jim March," follows St. Owald's scattering flowers and rushes. around the entire village hymns and a hyum to St. Oswa Games for children are provide tory field. Wrestling, "p running and leaping are countryside champions. hymns are chanted at the chi choral even-song is sung at se and the old-time distribution

bread, dancing and other rural



EDGAR L. WARENAN

